clean... clean... clean...

. . . that is what your dentifrice should do
. . . what Colgate's does

If a dentifrice really *cleans*, it need not do anything else . . . medicines, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives are all unnecessary. Dental and medical authorities advise that a dentifrice should be non-medicated and made to *clean*. The bubbling, sparkling foam of Colgate's is a dental cleanser unsurpassed. It leaves your teeth white . . . your mouth refreshed. It does its work thoroughly. And *safely*—safely for a lifetime of use.

Colgate's cleans this dependable way

Colgate's contains the most effective of all cleansing agents—in a special, mild, pure form . . . combined with calcium carbonate and aromatic oils.

As you brush Colgate's upon your teeth, the cleansing agent forms a bubbling, sparkling foam. This cleansing foam penetrates between the teeth, reaches inaccessible surfaces, purifies and stimulates the gums . . . the entire mouth.

And carried by this searching, foaming wave, the fine calcium carbonate powder helps to clean away mucin and food deposits . . . polishes tooth enamel to shining smoothness . . . destroys acids in the crevices at the gum margins, sweetens all the mouth surfaces. The mildly antiseptic aromatic oils add refreshing action to the thorough cleansing.

Constant research and continuous testing of all new theories have failed to show a way to make a more effective dental cleanser than Colgate's!

The coupon brings trial tube, free

The brightening effect of Colgate's upon your teeth will delight you. Even a short test proves that cleaning is the main thing . . . that when a dentifrice really cleans, medicines, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives are all unnecessary.

We have a trial tube of Colgate's for you. Fill out and return the coupon and it will be mailed promptly. We will send also a copy of an interesting new booklet on care of the mouth.

COLGATE & COMPANY,
Dept. 210K, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

Gentlemen: Please send me the booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy," and a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

MORE DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE
MORE AMERICANS USE COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE

DAWN

[*Continued from page 80*]

shame or compunction.

"Ah, yes," she begged. "Life need not be empty even to a blind man. Barney, I love you so."

"You don't know what you're saying," he accused in an almost frightened voice. "I know you love me," he went on more quietly, "ever since that day at the Assyrian I've known it."

"Tonight," she said defiantly as she rose. He did not answer.

She could not sit down. She walked back and forth in her bedroom, followed by thoughts that squeaked, gibbered, jeered. Lies ended this way. You tried to fool God and He kicked you out of the way. She should have told Jack about Connie and it might have killed him. She had kept the truth from slaying him and now he was going away to a hospital to be slaughtered.

Her voice, answering her father's knock, was shrill, irritable. He stared at her from the doorway.

"Jack," he said, "is going to spend tonight at the hospital. He wants to see you before he goes, Pat."

Rand stood in the center of his room, coat over arm, hat in hand. He raised his head with the weary, sightless smile, and groped toward her.

"Not good-by, Connie," he corrected, as though she had spoke. *"Auf wiedersehen."* He found her hands and kissed them gently.

"Yes, Barney," she faltered, and stood mute and staring as though she might stamp this possibly final sight of him on her mind forever. Suddenly, she was in his arms, his lips on hers, her body straining against his and he was speaking, gently in her ear.

"I didn't know how wonderful you were, Connie-beautiful, until I came back. You are like another person, beloved, a braver, tenderer, more generous, more thrilling person than I believed a woman could be. I want you to remember that, always."

He heard the sob that forebade reply, kissed her hands and held them.

"Auf wiedersehen, darling," he prompted.

"Auf wiedersehen, Barney," she answered unsteadily.

She sat in the hospital room that had been her home since the night following the operation when they had sent for her. Corlaer sat beside the window, spruce and nervous, the flower on his lapel mocking his drawn face.

She was listening to faint, fateful sounds in the next room where Dr. Delarey examined the convalescent. Her father, observing her rigid face, her tight locked hands, cleared his throat and did not speak.

Rain rattled on the pane. The muffled noises in the next room continued. She shook her head as though the gesture might wake a torpid mind. Her father spoke with explosive earnestness.

"Pat, if it's all right—if he really can see—I'm the one to tell him."

She gave a weary shrug of dissent.

"After all," he urged, "why tell him until later? I can say that you—Connie, I mean—is worn out and has gone home. You have been through enough in the last two weeks to wear out two women."

"No," she said. "I did it, Daddy. You told me not to, but I did. I have to tell him. It may not be so bad."

God brushed you aside when you stood against His destiny and punished you without mercy. Only, if God hurt you too much He could not hurt you at all.

God had sent delirium after the operation. Thus He had got her to the hospital. Her hand and voice alone quieted the raving Rand. Thus God had kept her there. What might have been the bitter joy of battle for her while she and Delarey, the brusque, the magnificent, kept John Rand in this world, was blighted for her by memory that it was Connie's false presence to which the man she loved clung.

And when she knew he would not die, God, unappeased, tightened the screws. He would live, blind or cured. With this knowledge came fresh torment. If John Rand should not see, she still might have him, might be, for all time, his Connie, his beautiful one. She prayed that his sight might be restored, tried to submerge in reiterated petition that terrible hope. And now, harried, weary, numb, she was cheating God of the final ordeal. In the next room, Delarey was testing Rand's eyes while she sat with a heavy, faintly miserable serenity, watching the silvery run of water down the pane.

She raised her head. The leathery, rawboned figure of the great surgeon filled the doorway and behind him flashed and rustled the starched garments of his permanently awed staff.

"All right?" he snarled in reply to Corlaer's stammer. "By gad, yes! Perfect. The boy had luck—and me—with him. You can see him for five minutes—only five minutes."

Corlaer hesitated and saw his daughter's face driven from lethargy to fear.

"Let me, Pat," he offered. She nodded, with a guilty relief. She should take her punishment to the end, she knew, and yet she could not.

"No," said Delarey. "He wants Miss Corlaer alone. And hurry, please, I've other things to do than wait here."

John Rand sat, still blindfolded, in the colorless light from the window. Some one closed the door sharply behind her. He raised his head. "You?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Your hands are cold," he protested, "and you're shivering. Dearest, I'm to see your face. Lift the bandage, beloved. I told you it would be this way."

She would not fall. She would stand, so, on her feet, the hands that she had jerked away from him, clenched; arms stiff against her sides and take her just punishment.

"No." She did not recognize her own voice. "I must—you must promise to listen. I've got to tell you now."

"Yes, Pat," he suggested.

"I'm not," she plunged on. "I'm not who you think I am."

"Yes, Pat?" he repeated. Beneath the bandage he was smiling. After a long time she said softly: "You—you know?" she dared at length, still whispering as though her voice might break the spell. "Who told you?"

"You," he said gently. "The day I came. Pat, you're crying again. That was how I knew at first. Pat, listen: the Hotel Assyrian wasn't built till 1926 and you said we first fell in love with each other there in 1925."

She tried to speak but uttered only a pitiful, stifled sound.

"So I knew," he went on eagerly. "Do you remember what I told you before I left, dear? It was true. It's so much truer now. Pat, I telephoned friends and found out that Connie, God bless her, was married."

She was crying now with the shamelessness of a little child. He hushed her.

"I should have told you," he said, "only, Pat beloved, I wanted to come to you healed and whole as your lover should. Pat, do you want to look all red and puffy when I see you? Give me your hands. Now, lift it. So."

Through swimming eyes, she could see him only dimly. She heard him say:

"Pat—oh, Pat-beautiful."

"It Flatters the most Beautiful Hands . . ." says NEYSA McMEIN – Illustrator of beautiful women

Neysa McMein's slender, able fingers, with which she paints distractingly pretty girls, are kept in perfect trim with the new Cutex Liquid Polish

Neysa McMein keeps the talented fingers that have brought her fame and fortune daintily feminine with the new Cutex Liquid Polish

THE door-bell rings incessantly at Neysa McMein's New York studio as beautiful girls come asking for a chance to be this noted artist's models. Neysa McMein's girls have the appealing charm of youthful enchantment and the widespread popularity that rank this noted artist as an experienced judge of feminine loveliness.

"Beautiful women usually have beautiful hands," said Neysa McMein, with the air of a woman who knows.

"And in fact, anyone who takes pride in her appearance takes particular pride in her hands. Of course, an artist has a terrible time of it. Dust, dirt, chalk, oil, paints—tons of them—lodge under the nails and around the cuticle.

"I paint all day and by night my hands look like a coal heaver's. First a thorough washing and then I turn to the Cutex box. The Cuticle Remover and Cream come first—and then a little White under the nail really works miracles. Finally, the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish about which I am most enthusiastic, as well as about all the other Cutex preparations."

"Dogs and hunting never spoil my manicure"

Says Anne Atkinson, society girl and breeder of famous dogs

Miss Anne Atkinson, of Wrightstown, N. J., photographed with Golden Dawn, sister of Nick O'Crahu, full-blooded prize English setter from her kennels. "Hunting and field trials are occasions for great hospitality and great excitement preceded and followed by many parties," says Miss Atkinson. "You shed your tweeds, and don your chiffons. Barely time for a brisk wash with soap and water.

"But your nail tips come out glowing—crisp and clear as ever. Thanks to that perfectly grand new Cutex Liquid Polish, neither dogs nor hunting can spoil my lovely manicure."

Sparkling jeweled hands enliven Washington's tea hour

Chic costumes . . . perfectly groomed hands, distinguish Washington's smartest hotel at the tea hour. Mrs. Howard Tucker, and Mrs. Gwinn Rust, prominent in the capital's young married set, and Miss Jeanette Hume, this year's débutante, are typical of the younger women in society who lead exceedingly full lives, yet manage to keep their hands lovely with the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

All three of them chorused: "No matter what we do, where we go, or how long we keep going, our hands never betray us. The new Cutex Liquid Polish keeps our finger nails in topping order."

"A sport your hands must live up to"

Says Mrs. Clifford Garvey, Long Island Motor Boat Enthusiast

Mrs. Garvey is a stunning example of the young sportswoman whose perfectly groomed nails match her trig costumes. "The fun would be all spoiled if your hands didn't look as gorgeous as you feel. With the new Cutex Liquid Polish I keep my hands in perfect shape. I simply adore its flattering sparkle and am never without it."

Sportswomen, artists, society women, all fastidious women—strive to keep their hands becomingly manicured. They do it with the new Cutex Liquid Polish. Applied once a week, this exquisite Polish *lasts* for days and days. The nails glow with a clear, dewy brilliance.

Give your hands that smart, well groomed look—that flattering finish—with the new Cutex Liquid Polish. With Polish Remover, it is 50c. Separately, 35c.

The fascinating new Cutex Gift Sets are in six sizes—25c, 60c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.50, $3.00—in metal cases or gay Christmas wraps. Say your "Merry Christmas" with Cutex. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

The New Cutex Liquid Polish flatters your nails

Special Introductory Offer—6¢

I enclose 6c for samples of the new Cutex Liquid Polish and Polish Remover. (If you live in Canada address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

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Height, 33⅝ in. Floor space required, 28 in. x 24 in. Weight, 50 lbs.

REAL HEAT . . .

WHENEVER you want it ▲ WHEREVER you want it

THERE is a room in your house that is chilly mornings and evenings. Even with the furnace lighted when the weather is really cold most homes have some particular place that is hard to keep comfortable.

There is a delightful way now to solve this problem, a way that is far cheaper than doctors' bills—the Florence Cabinet Heater.

It gives truly great heat and is not to be confused with some device for just taking the chill off a room. It will make an average-sized room comfortable even in zero weather. You use it only when it is needed and where it is needed.

There are no wicks, but two giant wick-less burners of the same kind that are used in the famous Florence Oil Range. The cost of the kerosene consumed is only a few cents a day. It does not smoke or smell and it is safe.

Furthermore, the Florence Cabinet is beautiful; worthy a place beside your radio or piano. It is finished in grained walnut porcelain enamel.

Do not put up with discomfort and risk your families' health when you can get a Florence Cabinet Heater at any good furniture, hardware or department store.

Prices: $29.75 East of Mississippi River; $31, Mississippi to Rocky Mts.; $31.75 Pacific Coast. We earnestly recommend that you buy now, before stocks are exhausted.

Florence Stove Company, Boston, Mass. Division Offices: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Baltimore, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, Detroit, Columbus, Kansas City. In Great Britain, Florence Stove Company, Limited, London.

Florence Oil Room Heater throws out heat close to the floor where it is needed most. Two sizes and two finishes to choose from.

FLORENCE

DAWN

[Continued from page 78]

for all his tawdry optimism. I'm through and we're through, dear. I love you too much. Would you let me marry you if you were hopelessly blind?"

Her arms lifted the hot, maimed head against her breast. For an instant, he resisted and then, as she kissed his eyelids, broke and clutched her with a silent, terrible sobbing.

"It's you and me, Barney," she said. "You and me, always now. Will the nights be fearful when I am beside you, dear? We're going to be married so very soon."

"No," he said. "Connie, stop torturing me." The sensitive lips quivered.

"Yes," she insisted softly. "It's you and me, Barney."

A lop-sided moon slid down the sky and unrolled a carpet of wan light upon the floor. She sat beside him, one hand clasped in both of his, the other smoothing his hair until his fingers loosened, fell away. She listened to the easy come and go of his breath and crept from the room.

Her father stood before her, bath-robe-swathed, senatorial in the light from his bedroom.

"Well, Pat?" he asked, his eyes troubled. She met them serenely.

"He's asleep now."

"Yes?" Corlaer commented.

"And I'm going to marry him, Daddy," she added simply. His exclamation was so loud she hushed him.

"You're insane," he snarled. "The whole thing is preposterous. How long do you imagine you could keep up a masquerade of this sort?"

"I thought it all out," she replied, "while he was going to sleep. We have plenty of money, he and I. We can live far away from people who have known us. And—and all his life I can be Connie to him and he will think I am beautiful."

"You're as lovely as Connie ever was," he said huskily, his eyes on her vivid, daring face and then shook his head with finality. "Go to bed, Pat, and wake up sane. You're not a cheat."

"Is it cheating," she asked, "to give a blinded man happiness?"

"Yes," he defied. "I'll never permit it." She caught the lapels of his dressing gown and lifted her mouth to the white mustache.

"But, Garret Corlaer," she challenged almost gaily, "you can't stop me. I'm twenty-one and I've loved John Rand for eleven long years."

THE clock on the mantel chimed eleven reprovingly when at last she awoke. She stretched, felt recollection tingle through her body and laughed at the ceiling. Mr. Corlaer, her maid told her, had taken Mr. Rand into the city. They would return for lunch. She had bathed and dressed when her father rapped at her door. He kissed her and sat staring at his shoes, plucking his mustache, while she waited.

"We've seen Dr. Delarey," he said at length. "He's to operate tomorrow."

She steadied herself against the bed footboard and tried twice to speak before she managed: "He can cure him?"

"Or kill him." Corlaer replied in a voice so frank as to be brutal.

She seated herself upon the bed. In her eyes her father seemed to read reproach.

"Something," he defended gruffly, "the matter behind the eyes themselves. Delarey says there's one chance in three he'll pull through."

Her hands caught and twisted each other. She shook her head desperately before she found her voice.

"No," she begged. "Oh, please, please, no."

Corlaer rose and pressed her head against his side, smoothing the copper hair with tender fingers.

"Pat," he offered. "He's thirty-four. He can decide for himself. We must be as game as he, honey."

She pulled away from him with a stricken sound and went into Rand's room.

He stood up clumsily as she entered and held out his hands toward her. For the first time since his return, he laughed the gay laugh she remembered so well.

"Barney," said "Connie's cartoon" gravely. "Sit down and listen please. Barney, you mustn't do this thing."

"Connie-beautiful," he replied impishly. "It's all set and I have a hunch. And you're to be the first thing I see when they take the bandage off."

"When," she shuddered. "Oh Barney, I'd rather have your little finger alive than just a memory of you. I love you so much more than when you went away. Isn't that something?"

"I know you do," he acknowledged. "It's worth playing for."

"But," she quavered, "you have me already. I'll be your eyes, your hands for you. Always."

Thought puckered the blank eyes. His head was canted as though he heard something imperceptible to her.

"I can't ruin your life, Connie," he said with finality.

"Ruin my life," she repeated with bitter humor. "When all I want is to be near you, always? Barney, suppose, if you do this thing, you can't have me? Do you love your eyes more than me?"

"I shall have both," he told her quietly, "or neither. Connie! Why, Connie-beautiful, you're crying."

"Not—not much," she gulped. He touched her tear-wet cheek again. "You used to say, Connie," he reflected, "that you never cried."

"I'm many things I wasn't when you went away," she replied in a muffled voice.

"Remember when you fell in love with me, Connie?"

She drew her breath sharply. "Yes," she hesitated.

"At the Hotel Assyrian," he continued in a gentle, almost calculating voice. "On Easter Monday, 1925. I danced with Phillis Morgan, and you were angry about it, and I drove you home. Remember?"

"Yes," she repeated almost sullenly and caught his arm with desperate hands. "Barney, we can't talk now. Wait till tonight. I'll sit by you and keep fear away and we can decide."

"No," he decided. She was past

[Continued on page 82]

CHRISTMAS on McCall Street

THERE will appear in the December issue a wealth of features to color your Christmas days: *Wings of the Morning* by Robert MacAlarney, Charles Hanson Towne's *Christmas Reflections on Main Street*, *The Goldfish Under the Ice* by Christopher Morley and *Sir Yule the Fool* by Theodora du Bois.

The Sevillia

SHE BUILT A MILLION-DOLLAR BUSINESS

Mrs. Alice Foote MacDougall

owner of the famous New York Restaurants *shows with her own hands how to make her Marvelous Waffles*

STARTING 21 YEARS AGO with $38.00 for capital and three beautiful children for inspiration Mrs. MacDougall, alone and untrained, built up a very lucrative business in roasted coffee. To extend this business she rented a tiny booth in the Grand Central Terminal and there every Wednesday afternoon she herself presided over a huge coffee urn.

One stormy and bitterly cold Wednesday, as she watched the shivering, damp, depressed people who streamed through the station, Mrs. MacDougall felt a sudden kindly whim to lessen their discomfort.

Impulsively she sent home for her waffle iron and the necessary ingredients, including Royal Baking Powder, and to all who came in to the little shop that afternoon, she served tender waffles and delicious coffee.

The glowing appreciation of her guests showed her that she had found a combination of foods with an almost irresistible appeal.

Time proved the truth of this. First the Little Coffee Shop began to serve waffles and coffee, then in rapid succession Mrs. MacDougall opened the Cortile, the Piazzetta, the Firenze and last year she signed a million-dollar lease for the Sevillia, the newest and most picturesque of her beautiful coffee houses.

"A WAFFLE is either a great delicacy or a dismal failure—there's no middle ground," says Mrs. Alice Foote MacDougall as she shows step by step how to make the waffles for which her coffee houses are famous.

"We use the best ingredients for all the foods we serve, the best cream, the finest maple syrup, the freshest butter and eggs—naturally we use the best baking powder, which is Royal.

"We have found that no other baking powder makes waffles which are up to our standard in lightness and tenderness. You will find when you use Royal that there is never any danger of dryness which spoils waffles and cakes. And, of course, you know that most doctors, dietitians and home economics experts say Cream of Tartar baking powder is best.

"Personally, I think in all baking it is true economy to use Royal because it is so pure and dependable. As every housewife knows, the cost of the baking powder is almost negligible compared to the cost of the eggs and butter you use in waffles and in cakes."

Here is another favorite which The Alice Foote MacDougall Coffee Houses serve:

Black Walnut Cake. ½ cup butter; 1½ cups sugar; ⅔ cup milk; 2 cups pastry flour; 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder; ⅛ teaspoon salt; ½ teaspoon vanilla extract and 5 egg whites. Cream butter thoroughly. Add sugar slowly and beat in well. Sift the flour with baking powder and salt. Add alternately with the milk. Add vanilla extract and mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in three well-greased layer tins in a moderate oven at 350° F. for 30 minutes.

White Icing. 1½ cups granulated sugar; ½ cup water; 3 egg whites and 1 cup black walnut meats. Boil sugar and water together until syrup spins a thread or to 438° F. Pour slowly on to the stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat until it holds its shape and is of right consistency to spread. Put between layers and on top and side of cake. Sprinkle black walnut meats generously on each iced layer and on top and sides of cake.

Waffle Recipe. 3 cupfuls of flour; 4 teaspoonfuls of Royal Baking Powder; ½ teaspoonful of salt; 2 cupfuls of milk; ½ cupful of butter; 4 eggs. Beat yolks well. Add sifted dry ingredients and milk alternately to the yolks. Then add the butter which has been melted, and last of all fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Do not beat mixture too much or the waffle will be tough.

All measurements are level.

Mrs. MacDougall serves her famous waffles on gay Majolica

1—Separate 4 eggs. Beat egg yolks well. Sift 3 cups flour with 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and ½ teaspoon salt

2—Add alternately the sifted dry ingredients and 2 cups of milk; mix well

3—Add ½ cup butter, melted, then fold in stiffly beaten whites of 4 eggs. Mix only long enough for blending thoroughly.

Royal, the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Absolutely pure.

5—When waffles are well puffed-up and evenly browned remove at once to a hot plate and serve immediately with plenty of butter and maple syrup.

4—Waffle iron should be heated 10 minutes. No greasing is necessary with electric iron. A gas-heated iron is greased well before baking each waffle and turned once. Pour about 4 tablespoons of the batter into the iron. Bake about 2 minutes

FREE—*Nearly 350 recipes for all kinds of foods—every one carefully tested.*

The Royal Baking Powder Co., Dept. K, 105 E. 42 St., N. Y.
I'd like to have a copy of the Famous Royal Cook Book.

Name_____

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Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup! What gives it that cheery red color? Juicy tomatoes. That tempting savor? Spices. And that smooth richness? Can it be cream? Yes, cream, rich cream. Tomatoes and spices and cream. What a wonderful combination for flavor! What a wonderful soup for dinner!

A friend of ours was once visiting in the country. Happening into the kitchen she found the cook busily making tomato soup for dinner.

The tomatoes had been picked half an hour before in the garden. But what interested our friend most was the big cupful of rich, heavy cream the cook poured in.

"It's the cream that really *makes the soup*," she explained . . .

Of course it's the cream. That's why Heinz is not just Tomato Soup but *Cream* of Tomato Soup—with the cream already in it. *Rich cream*, plenty of it.

The tomatoes are ripened on the vines—plump, red and juicy—and used fresh. Our spices—we send our own buyers round the world to select the best.

But flavor comes chiefly from knowing how. Experience is the final ingredient. And it is our 59 years of experience in making good things to eat that has made the Heinz name mean Flavor · *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

HEINZ
Cream of Tomato
SOUP
contains rich cream

DAWN

[*Continued from page 14*]

the stairway's head and heard, outside, her father's voice. The butler and second man, bag laden, stood aside for her to pass. She paused at the head of the porch steps. It was hard to breathe and her throat was dry. Her father and the chauffeur were helping Rand from the car. His eyes met hers and looked on past. On his lips she saw the vague little smile of blindness and marked how his foot groped for the step. She ran down and took both his hands in hers.

In the tranquil gloom of the great living room, the girl surveyed her father through eyelashes matted by recent tears. Upstairs, Corlaer's valet helped Rand wash and change. The apprehension of the morning was cut more deeply into the banker's face. His daughter accused: "You haven't told him about Connie."

He gave a miserable smile and confessed: "Pat, I couldn't. He was just a little kid waked up from a nightmare when I found him in his cabin."

"I knew," she said, "that you hadn't." Something provocative in her voice hastened his self-justification.

"He hasn't been sleeping, the ship's surgeon told me. He needs rest and peace and care. I didn't even take him to Dr. Conway. I brought him straight home. He asked to come."

Her voice was level and steady. "What does the ship's doctor say about—his eyes?"

"I'll believe nothing," Corlaer flared, "that a sea-sickness specialist says. Conway is coming. I've phoned him."

"Then," she ventured, "it's—?"

"It isn't anything," he denied, "till Conway sees him."

She pressed her full red lips as though she feared some ghastly sound might squeeze through. Corlaer's hand crumbled the cigar it held.

"I'll tell him about Connie," he promised valiantly, "after Conway comes. He asked about her, of course, and I lied, Pat. 'Oh, Connie's all right,' I told him. What else could I do. His nerves are ripped to pieces. It might—it might have killed him."

He stared at the tobacco fragments in his hand with a grunt and dumped them into an ash tray. Apology had left his voice when he faced her again.

"He'll ask for her again. I wonder he hasn't already. We've got to plan some lie that'll—"

Her little laugh checked him. He stared. She shook her head.

"He thinks," she said, "he thinks I'm Connie."

"He what?"

"He thinks I'm Connie," she reiterated. "Didn't you see the way he kissed me? He said: 'Oh Connie-beautiful—' he always called her that. 'Oh Connie-beautiful—.' No," she decided, "what he said belongs to Connie, after all, even if she isn't—worth it. Anyway, I'm Connie to him. Our voices are alike. We used to wear each other's clothes."

"You mean to say," her father began. She continued serenely:

"And I said to him," she brought her head up defiantly, "I said: 'I love you more than ever, Barney darling.' Connie used to call him Barney."

She paused and spoke to a far corner of the room in a dry voice.

"So I'm Connie to him and no one will have to lie to him at all, unless he should ever think of asking for—me."

Patricia lay that night and heard the chime clock on her mantelpiece measure time into quarter hours. No other sound invaded the darkness yet she listened as though some appeal too delicate for human ears strove to reach her. An imperceptible tumult troubled the August silence of the slumbering house, plagued her, drove sleep away.

The clock struck midnight. For the hundredth time she reviewed the verdict the oculist had delivered that afternoon, weighing his utterance, testing each phrase he had used as though it were a contract and she a lawyer seeking a loophole therein.

Conway, a dapper little man, had been sharp and merciless as a surgical knife. His words had been weights cast into the scale of their hope, bearing it down toward despair.

"The duration," the specialist had said, "precludes an acute or transitory condition. My final judgment would be that blindness is permanent, were it not—" Here had followed a glib recital of medical terms which she, dry-lipped and sick, had not understood.

"That," the oculist was saying when her mind and his speech enmeshed again, "constitutes the only possible chance of error by me. He should see a neurologist—Delarey by choice—before we decide absolutely."

The clock chimed the quarter hour. She could stand the urgent, breath-held stillness no longer, drew on dressing gown and slippers and stole into the hallway. From her father's room came the steady saw of breathing. Her ear, laid against Rand's door, received nothing but her own heart beats, yet she felt instinctively that repression, not relaxation kept this complete stillness. Then, she heard the faint complaint of bedsprings and a gasp, the more moving for its quick stifling.

In the starlight, she could see him dimly, a vague figure of tragedy, upright in bed, head raised, hands gripped in the counterpane before him.

"Jack—Barney," she called softly.

At her voice, he relaxed and fell back like a guilty child. She winced at the forced gaiety of his voice.

"Good morning," he ventured. "It was a—it was a nice long night," and his voice was rocked by surges of stifled terror.

"It's not morning, dear," she corrected. "It's not yet half-past twelve."

After a long pause, he said: "Oh, God."

He caught the hand she laid on his forehead in a hot tight grip as though it were the one stable thing in a world of chaos. Panic broke through.

"Connie, I can't stand it. It rides me when I'm alone. Connie, I'm going crazy."

He gulped, stirred and said at last mildly: "I beg your pardon." He released her hand. She retrieved his and held it. He pressed his lips against her arm and she felt the bed quake with his struggle for self control.

"You shouldn't be here," he said unwillingly.

"When you need me where else should I be, Barney?" she asked.

"Don't try to be generous with me," he cried fiercely, choked and presently ordered in an altered voice. "Give me your hand, Connie. No, the left one."

She read his intention as he spoke. Swiftly she changed the sapphire birthstone, her father's gift, from right to left ring finger and met his grasp. He fumbled an instant, withdrew the ring and folded her palm upon it.

"That's—finished," he told her. She laughed in tender mockery.

"Do you think you can jilt me, Barney?"

He answered in a more normal voice. "I can still hear and feel, Connie. I know what Conway found today

[*Continued on page 80*]

Remove Film from Teeth

To Combat Serious Tooth and Gum Disorders

It's film that turns lovely teeth dull, "off color" and dims the brightest smiles

Science Suggests a Way to Remove Film Completely

"WHITE sparkling teeth a matter of luck? By no means," says dental science. "Nor are healthy teeth and gums merely a matter of physical resistance."

Gray, lustreless teeth and most of the commoner tooth and gum disorders are traced to a specific condition—to a film that forms each day on teeth. Remove this film and teeth will be far lighter and brighter. Will be far more free from ills—and that is proved by exhaustive scientific research.

What FILM is and does

Film is that slippery, viscous coating which forms on teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it.

Food and smoking stains sink into it and make teeth yellow and lustreless.

Film gets into crevices and stays. It clings to teeth so tightly that brushing fails to remove it successfully.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with the germs film harbors, is a well-known cause of pyorrhea.

Old-time ways had failed to conquer film. So with tooth and gum disorders on the increase science evolved a special film-removing dentifrice.

Special film-removing method
How it acts

To perfect this formula that successfully cleanses teeth of film, laboratory chemists worked in conjunction with high dental authority. Exhaustive tests were made and scientifically recorded. One by one agents were found and embodied in Pepsodent until now it meets in every way the full demands of dental practice in protecting teeth and gums.

Pepsodent curdles film. Then removes it gently from the teeth as ordinary brushing cannot do.

It acts to firm the gums to healthy coral tint.

Dentists know the secret of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.

Sparkling teeth hold charm that others note and marvel at—for still many do not know how great a change Pepsodent can work

Still other elements turn the mouth's saliva alkaline and thus combat the acids of decay.

In action and in composition Pepsodent is entirely new and different from any other tooth paste made.

Give Pepsodent 10 Days

If teeth are dull, "off-color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film and see teeth whiten.

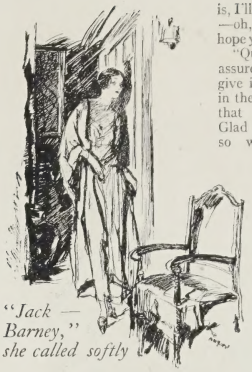
Between your dentist, and Pepsodent used twice a day, you obtain the ultimate in tooth and gum care as modern dental science knows it.

Get a large tube at small cost from your druggist. Or write to nearest address below for a free 10-day tube.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 191 George St., *Toronto 2*, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., *London*, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., *Sydney*, N.S.W.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth



"Jack — Barney," she called softly

is, I'll have my friends —oh, well, let it go. I hope you understand."

"Quite," the other assured him. "Don't give it a thought. All in the day's work and that sort of thing. Glad it's worked out so well. You're through the worst of it now, old chap."

Rand nodded and twisted his lips again into the travesty of a smile. "Yes," he acknowledged, "there can't be anything much worse ahead when already you're hopelessly blind."

"Oh, I say," Dacre protested. "One mustn't believe army surgeons, y'know. You have men at home who'll mend you in no time."

"Of course," the explorer agreed in the voice of an adult who plays a child's game. His tone blasted the captain's intention of further cheer. Voices sounded on deck. Feet clumped along the companionway and Dacre turned, but Rand did not stir and his big body, crouched on the berth had the dull immobility of a beaten animal's.

Toombs, the consul, was a red, sweating man who spouted heartiness. "Now, Mr. Rand," he boomed. "Purser and I've settled everything. Whole ship's at your service and, barring accidents, you should be home in three weeks, or thereabouts. Anything more I can do? Glad to be of any service to you. Letters you want written or anything of that sort—"

"Oh, I say!" Dacre exclaimed, slapping a pocket and plunging a hand therein. "I am sorry. Mail for you, Mr. Rand. Orderly brought it to me just as we were climbing aboard the bus this morning."

Instinctively, he held the letters toward the blind man and paused, reddening.

"Two of them," he stammered, "from the States. Shall I—I mean, would you care to have me—"

"Read them?" Rand concluded for him. "No thanks. I'll—that is—I mean—you see, one may be from the girl I am—I was to marry. It doesn't seem—hell!" he cried shrilly. "Yes. Go ahead. Read them."

Dacre ripped an envelope. "From Mr. Garret Corlaer," he said.

"He was my guardian," the blind man explained as though introducing strangers. "I cabled him."

"Yes," the captain agreed. "He writes: 'My dear, dear boy: This is written on the heels of the cable I have sent in response to yours. If you never receive it, we shall be happier, for that will mean that already you have started home.

"'We know each other too well, dear lad, for me to insult your intelligence or discredit your courage by maudlin sympathy. And you know, without my assurance, that our home and our love are waiting to welcome you. Yet I tell you this because it is so wholly true and because, at this distance, there is so little else I may do. When we have you back, we shall see what the best men in America have to say on this snap verdict of an army pill mixer. Constance is away. You know how your bitter news will affect her. Patricia, whose twenty-first birthday this is, bids me write that her love for her foster brother has grown more and more in the five years since you have seen each other.

"'God bless you and come home to us, Jack. I shall work through Washington to expedite your passage. As ever, Garret Corlaer.'"

Dacre laid the letter on the blind man's palms. They closed over it as though it were a friendly hand. Toombs, whose respect for the explorer had been intensified by peremptory cables from Washington, regarded him now in open awe.

"If the other," Rand decided at the sound of tearing paper, "is from Miss Constance Corlaer, I think I'd rather you didn't—" He faltered and the big hands crumpled the letter between them. His shrug was convulsive. "Well," he surrendered in a quiet voice, more desperate than a cry. "A blind man can't have reticences, can he? Read it."

Dacre's long face was bent over the paper. He cleared his throat twice before he spoke. "It's only a silly statement from some bank Johnnies," he said at last. "I don't fancy you care about it, eh? You see, your fiancée was away when her father got your cable. No time for her to write and all that, eh?"

He scowled at Toombs and shook his head as he thrust the stiff gray paper, incongruous stationery for a bank, back into his pocket. A steward appeared at the door and mumbled something to the consul.

"Here's the man who'll look after you, Mr. Rand," Toombs announced briskly, "and the anchor's up. We'll have to step on it."

The launch in which they had come wallowed away from the high black side of the *Ressaldar* and lurched shoreward through the languid water of the roadstead. Dacre, seated beside Toombs beneath the awning, slowly took from his pocket the gray letter and tore it across.

"That," the consul said abruptly, "is no bank statement."

The airman nodded agreement, tearing it again and again. "No," he confessed in a mild voice. "It was from his fiancée, his ex-fiancée, rather."

"Then, why—why?" the consul sputtered. Dacre opened his hand. The breeze of their passage caught up the fragments. They fluttered away, settled and were overwhelmed in the greasy foam of the wake.

"God permit thee to arrive in happiness!"

"She's married another chap," Dacre said. "Mistake, her engagement, and all that sort of thing. It had been forwarded to the hospital. Dated two weeks ahead of the old gentleman's letter.

The *Ressaldar's* siren grunted and the ship's bow swung seaward. Toombs considered a long minute before he offered:

"So that's what the poor devil is going back to!"

"Quite," Dacre agreed.

Neither the consul nor he spoke again as the launch pounded its passage through the sleek swells toward the dazzle and torpor and stench of the sun-smitten town.

THE ship on which John Rand was returning would not dock until noon, but Patricia Corlaer had risen at seven. She had lain, fretting between excitement and apprehension, from daybreak until the first soft sounds from downstairs had proclaimed that the big house which Garret Corlaer, banker, had built on a Westchester hilltop was rousing at last. Her maid, entering, had found her bathed and dressed. Her father, descending for breakfast had seen her tramping the veranda with a nervous catch in her free, boyish stride.

There was unwonted tension in that morning meal. Father and daughter spoke eagerly of trivial affairs, skirting mention of the man returning, and not until the table had been cleared did she refer to him.

"My dear Pat," Corlaer protested over his newspaper, "Time to start? I'm not going to walk in to meet him."

"But," she urged, "the *Carcassonne* might dock early."

"Swaney has telephoned," he retorted. "She docks at 11. You're jumpy this morning, honey."

"And you're not," she jeered. "Look at your cigar wabble."

He removed it and smoothed his short white mustache with uncertain fingers. "I dread it," he admitted. "If he did not get Constance's letter I shall have to tell him. There's small fun in torturing a blind man."

Wind brought through the open window a pleasant sound of moving leaves and sunlight flickered on her hair like running fire.

"Oh," she cried suddenly, her small fists clenched. "I hope Montague Horne turns out to be a—a wife beater. I hope Connie—"

She wilted under his stare of amusement. Corlaer defended his beautiful elder daughter whose elopement had been public property for two months now.

"Connie didn't know he'd gone blind, dear, and Connie hadn't seen him for two years. Remember that."

"Nor I for five," she muttered. He regarded her narrowly an instant and spoke gravely.

"What a silly answer, Pat. You weren't engaged to him. Youngsters resent obligations these days. And another most attractive man was not besieging you."

She shook her head with its close-cropped copper mane impatiently. "And Connie," she stormed, "runs away to Europe and leaves us—"

"To help Jack," he completed quietly. "That is our privilege, Pat. My own son could be no dearer to me."

She circled the table and laid her cheek against the pink bald peak of his head. "I know," she admitted. "I'm sorry. Only I really do hope Montague beats Connie a little now and then. Daddy, I'm sure it's time you started."

For the dozenth time that day she entered the room which for a week had been ready for Rand's return and frowned at the mirror above the bureau where she had placed roses, his favorite flower. A looking glass she thought, confronting it, was a mocking thing in a blind man's chamber. She considered the face that stared back at her beneath its shining helmet of curls, keen, vital, reminiscent in its bolder contours of her sister's loveliness. "Connie's cartoon," one of the youngsters forever trailing the elder girl had called her years ago, and Jack, finding her in tears, had comforted her.

She had been sixteen, all arms and elbows and with a blotched complexion when Rand had returned, lean, tanned and glamorous from the Rigley Thibet expedition. Thereafter on his brief visits to his guardian's home, she had been in school or in Europe. In Italy she had learned of his projected search for the ruins of lost cities in Arabia's desert and of his engagement to Constance, the beautiful, the gracious, the so many desirable things the younger sister was not. She had cried herself to sleep that night.

She spun about at the sound of a motor on the driveway and of subdued tumult in the lower hall, ran to [*Turn to page 78*]

"I can't ruin your life"

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NOVEMBER McCALL'S 1928

Two men guided the explorer over the sun hammered deck, their faces set against emotion

DAWN

—and a love that breaks its heart at barriers

By Frederic Van de Water

Illustrated by LOREN F. WILFORD

TWO men brought John Rand over the side of the steamship *Ressaldar*. Captain Hubert Dacre of the Royal Air Force and Henry Toombs, American consul at Jeddah, guided the explorer across the sun hammered deck, their faces set against emotion, their voices loud with a heartiness that is the sublimation of pity. Zeyd, Rand's servant, followed them, bag burdened, eyes on his employer who walked with the high, lurching step, the backward thrown head of a nervous, tight-reined horse.

In the sultry gloom of the saloon, Toombs sought the purser. Dacre and the Arab shuffled through a companionway and steered their charge into his cabin. Zeyd stowed the luggage and the captain eased Rand down upon his berth's edge.

"Righto," he exclaimed and mopped his face.

"Thanks," the explorer managed at last. He stirred and the berth above struck off his sun helmet, revealing a face too finely drawn, still tanned, with slack creases about the lips and eyes that once had been lines of vigor.

Zeyd completed his task and stood before his employer with a whisper of loose garments. "*Effendi*," he purred.

"Thou hast been my good servant," Rand replied in slow Arabic. "Nor can I requite all thou hast done for me, Zeyd. Yet here is pay past our agreement and a letter of recommendation written by the consul of my country, since I no longer wield a pen. God go with thee, Zeyd, in good fortune."

The Arab took the well-stuffed envelope and, marking the still outstretched hand, clasped it suddenly and carried it to breast and forehead.

"*Ullah yuwasselak b'il kheyer, Effendi*," he growled and departed. When the shuffle of his feet had died, Rand repeated slowly in English:

"'God permit thee to arrive in happiness!'"

His flat voice held the essence of irony. Dacre asked lightly: "Smoke?" The other's grin barely stirred the lines about his eyes.

"Thanks," he replied. "It's no good I find. It—it was sporting of you, Captain, to fly me down from Medina. Otherwise, I should have missed the steamer, thanks to the idiot doctors."

"Rot," Dacre interjected but Rand went on in the level tone of one who holds himself firmly.

"There's no use trying to tell you how grateful I am. Only, if ever you come to America, I'll see—" the disciplined voice revolted and then resumed calmly. "That